The Commonweal

August 10, 1951

TO MOVE TOWARD CHRISTIAN UNITY

Karl Adam

India's Nehru

Philosopher, Prophet, Politician

RICHARD M. WEAVER

Volume LIV **15c** *Number 18*

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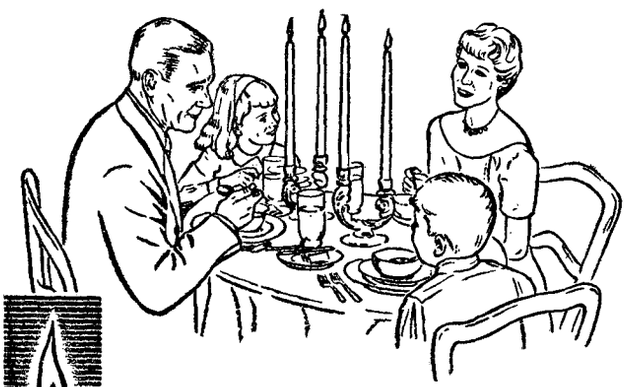

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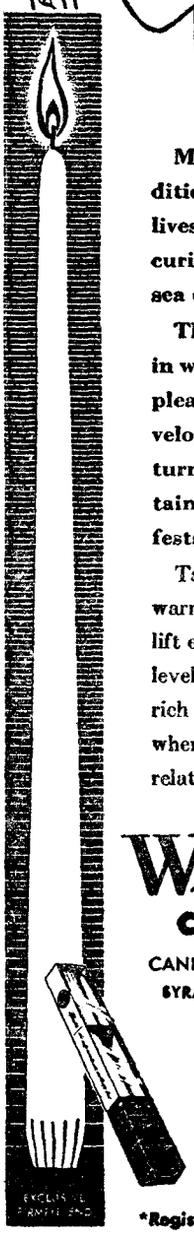

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

ECA's Productivity Program

IT IS hardly surprising that the most vehement opposition over there to the ECA's new plan for increasing productivity and improving the lot of the European worker comes from management itself and from the Communists. Both stand to profit most from a perpetuation of the restraint-of-trade European capitalist system. Many entrepreneurs want to keep on with small production at high prices—and with distribution regulated by trusts—because it brings them great personal wealth. The Communists, for their part, favor the retention of this economy of scarcity, with a terrific contrast between employers' and workers' living standards, because it enables them to play on the passions of the exploited. Besides, a Western Europe torn by class feeling and weakened from within is very much to the Kremlin's liking right now.

Conservative and Communist spokesmen in France, for instance, reacted almost identically to the ECA announcement. Both accused the United States of undue interference. Both played on French national pride. The Gaullist *Le Matin* revived the old charge that Americans like to tell others what is good for them and the Communist *Humanité* accused us of planning to take over French factories directly. And *Humanité*, of course, proceeded to identify increased productivity with the speed-up.

All this brings out certain sharp contrasts between American and European capitalism. On the ancient continent production is geared to markets restricted by cartel and trust agreements, as well as by national boundaries. As the object is small production at a high rate of profit, wages are low and prices are high; poverty is the lot even of men who work regularly. The passion of resentment runs high. Much of European industry operates in an atmosphere of class war—which would explain the high percentage of organized labor in such countries as France and Italy affiliated with the Communists.

In its first five years the Marshall Plan has roughly succeeded in putting European industry back on its pre-war footing. The increases in production which have been achieved can be accounted for largely by the increase in population. Our aid has been distributed directly to governments, which in turn passed on the funds to individual enterprises. The hope that some of the benefits of this renewed activity would filter down to the individual worker and consumer did not eventuate this time any more than at any other. Heads of enterprise got richer, wages remained low and prices continued to rise. The United States bent over backwards not to intervene in any way in the internal affairs of those we were helping in the interests of anti-Soviet defense; we were surprised that popular feeling reflected so little appreciation of our efforts. In fact, anti-American sentiment has been running high. Supplying the sinews of production and restoring much of Western Europe's productive plant, essential as it is as a first step, has not raised the status of the worker, nor liquidated the old economic and social weaknesses which made pre-war Europe a shaky structure and spurred on the ideological adventurers who brought on the Second World War.

THE ECA is now proposing a second stage, in the common interest. This time we would export know-how in the fields of productivity, distribution and worker training. We would push the European economy in the direction of our own high output per man, high wages, and social security to which both business and workers contribute, therefore greatly expanding the domestic market—which would mean lower prices, lower rates of profit and better tax receipts and better living standards for the masses. The workers themselves would take part in all formulations of plans to increase productivity and in general would have much more say about the conditions under which they earn their bread.

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Except for permissive agreements with the respective governments, the ECA would now deal with various European private enterprises directly. Aid in the form of technical advice and limited funds for emergencies would be forthcoming to those industrial establishments which would agree to abide by ECA's new conditions. American companies would be encouraged to exchange personnel and know-how with their European counterparts.

In order for high-wage, mass-consumption private enterprise to work in Europe to any degree comparable with its success in the United States, the nations of Europe would need economic unity to supply sources of raw materials and a large domestic market.

For our part one final essential step is necessary before any real Atlantic union is achieved. A common spirit is lacking. Much as they desire it in their present state of penury, men will never be satisfied simply with more to eat and wear and amuse themselves with. And by themselves the freedoms we enjoy are not sufficient. In order to develop sympathy for the American way of life, we must do something prior to improving our methods of propaganda. We must re-examine our outlook, relate it to its original sources and fearlessly compare current American realities with our national ideals. We must not only evaluate the justice with which we distribute our great national wealth but also the values which we place on material things. For it is only when life in America more fully responds to man's deepest needs that we shall have anything lasting to dispatch overseas.

• NEXT WEEK •

EVELYN WAUGH writes of Graham Greene's latest novel, *The End of the Affair.*

"Hitherto Mr. Greene's characteristic achievement has been to take the contemporary form of melodrama and to transfuse it with spiritual life. His books have been tense, fast stories with the minimum of incident, and his characters unreflective, unesthetic, unintelligent, his villains have been vile and his heroines subhuman; all have inhabited a violent social no-man's land. . . . In *The End of the Affair* Mr. Greene has chosen another contemporary form, domestic, romantic drama of the type of *Brief Encounter,* and has transformed that in his own inimitable way."

All Quiet on the Missouri

THE crest of the Missouri-Mississippi flood has long since passed St. Louis; it headed for the broader waters of the lower Mississippi and the sea. Flood victims, individual and commercial, are slowly fighting their way back. Mud and sludge and silt have been removed from homes, barns, plants and offices and things have begun to dry out. Roads are once more open, trains are running again and plant machinery is being repaired or replaced. The emergency has passed and the time has come to take stock—not only to reckon up our losses, but to decide what preventive measures we can take.

There was a moment when enactment of adequate control of the rampaging Missouri seemed a certainty. Kansas City was stricken and the flood was rolling on toward St. Louis. The President himself had flown over the inundated area so close to his own home. People who lived and worked in the destructive path of our largest river asked themselves how it had happened and determined they would press for effective flood control.

It was a moment the advocates of a Missouri Valley Authority had long feared, yet one they had awaited. It was a moment which the Army Engineers and other advocates of the rival Pick-Sloan plan had counted on to seize. But this flood, with its billion-dollar damage, is no longer on the newsreels. Americans not directly concerned have turned to other things. The little coin boxes in which the Red Cross had hoped to obtain millions for the relief of the flood victims (instead of thousands) have disappeared from our city streets and from our railway terminals. A visitor would think the great Missouri flood of July 1951 all but forgotten.

People in the stricken area, however, can be counted on to press for something beyond immediate emergency aid. Steps will be taken to prevent recurrence. The pity is that nation-wide interest cannot be counted on to advance the best all-round solution for the Missouri Valley. How lamentable that a project as full of promise as the development of the nation's largest river valley has been so subject to political pressure.

The point is that the harnessing of such waters should be carried out in the interests of all the people in a river valley. It is not simply a matter of flood control. Irrigation, hydro-electric power, navigation, soil conservation, public health and a number of other elements are involved. River valleys should be developed with all of this in

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mind. There is nothing sacrosanct about the TVA pattern. But when billions are to be spent in harnessing a river such as the Missouri, surely it is folly to ignore what has been demonstrated so clearly in the Tennessee Valley. Big dams alone are not the answer any more than the high levees of sandbags that gave way along the banks. Effective controls begin in the smaller waters. Likewise river valleys call for development as a whole, no matter how urgent is the single element of flood control.

Logic or Language?

TOWARD the end of General MacArthur's Boston address, there is a rather long passage having to do with what the General calls "the utter futility of modern war." He says that we must realize that "war is outmoded," that it must be "abolished," that it "provides no solution" to world tensions. "We must find the means," he says, "to avoid this great sapping of human energy and resource."

We agree. But how do we do it? Says the General: "You cannot control war; you can only abolish it. Those who shrug this off as idealistic are the real enemies of peace—the real warmongers. Those who lack the enterprise, vision and courage to try a new approach when none others have succeeded fail completely the most simple test of leadership."

Well now, just what is this "new approach" MacArthur refers to? Unfortunately the General does not go on to define it. He says that we must abolish war. That's all. But how does that differ from the psychology of the famous Stockholm Appeal?

In another place in his address, General MacArthur warns that when a great nation "enters upon war and fails to see it through to victory," that nation "must accept the full moral consequences of defeat." So, is the way to abolish war to make bigger wars until there is no one left to fight? That is scarcely a "new approach"—Hitler had it several years ago and Stalin has it today.

The truth would seem to be that the General has in fact no "new approach" to offer in the lofty phrases in the "abolish war" section of the Boston speech. Like every one else, he is sick of war, but he hardly helps the situation a great deal by filling the air with empty words.

You frequently hear it said that whatever one may think of General MacArthur's ideas, at least this much must be said for him: he has kept the present controversy on a very high level. It is true that the General does use high-level words—"unconscionable," for example—and it is also true that he moves around in a royal manner—he charters a plane or even a train when he travels, and it is reported that the employees of the Waldorf-Astoria spread out a carpet for him on the railroad platform in the sub-basement of the hotel when he returned from Boston. But it would seem that in any worthwhile scale of values, logic should take precedence over language and regal demeanor.

We hope that the next time the General descends from the tower he will have a few words to say about this "new approach" to permanent peace he speaks of. We hope that he will tell us just what he means when he says that "the abolition of war from the face of the earth" is "the road, the only road, to universal peace and prosperity." That, it seems to us, is only double-talk. Much as we agree with the General that it would be nice for the United States to "lead the world down that road," we would first like to know where that road is and whether or not it is made of anything more solid than words.

All-Around Improvement

WHEN the Army announced that it was discontinuing the policy of segregation in the all-Negro 24th Regiment in Korea, it gave as one of its reasons for this action a finding that deserves our attention. The Army said that it had discovered that the Negro's all-around fighting efficiency was found to be greater when he was a member of a non-segregated unit.

We should think that this would be true. A man always fights better when he has the fullest confidence that he *is* a man and when he has the fullest assurance that his comrades in arms think of him as a comrade in arms.

It goes without saying that in peace, too, we can expect the Negro to realize his best capacities only when we give him every reason to believe that he belongs in a community just as much as any other man in that community. The Negro, like every man, desperately needs and seeks that sense of belonging—without any qualifications attached—and it is up to us to understand that the Army has come to the only conclusion there can be.

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Friends, Romans, Fellow Citizens

AN AMERICAN (Irish-American, if you will), a Northerner, product of the city and of course a Catholic. That just about sums it up. Wherever I go, whatever I become, I'll always be these things at least. It's possible that I could become an expatriate, a citizen of Georgia, a farmer or an apostate. But in that case I'd still be an ex-American, an ex-Chicagoan (as I am now), an ex-Catholic.

James T. Farrell is no longer a Chicagoan, no longer a Catholic, but I think if we were to meet we could talk easily. We'd be able to share nuances, references, a certain vocabulary. Bughouse Square may not mean much to a non-Chicagoan nor Novena of Grace to a non-Catholic. But if Farrell and I were to find ourselves together we wouldn't have to exchange definitions.

We are what we are and though in a sense we might add we can never subtract. I remember walking down streets in Rome at twilight when people were leaving their offices and taking buses home. I didn't know what they were talking about because I didn't know their language, but I had an idea because I've taken buses at the same hour in American cities. It seemed only logical that these Romans were saying the same sort of things.

But because I thought that to be true is not the same as saying I really know what it is to be an Italian in Rome. Even if I spent the next fifty years there I think I'd never pass St. Peter's without thinking, well here it is and here I am. Here in New York, as a displaced Chicagoan, I don't pass St. Patrick's or Radio City the way someone born and raised in Manhattan does. And it would be the same, only more so, in Rome. I'd always be an American; I'd never be an Italian.

I lived in the South for awhile. There, of course, there was the matter of a mid-Western accent. But even if I stayed long enough to cultivate a drawl, there would still be profound differences.

In the Army there were Northern racists and when we were stationed in the South some of them used to say that the Rebels sure know how to treat niggers. But even though these Northerners were wholly prejudiced it was psychologically impossible for them to take their seats in the segregated post theater without thinking about it. If they accepted the segregation they had to justify it by some crooked, narrow standard of bigotry. For the Southerners it was merely a question of going to the movies. In the South, for the first time, I became conscious of being a Northerner.

I've lived briefly in a rural farming community. There I became aware, acutely aware, of the fact that I was city-born, city-bred. A very slim knowledge of crops and husbandry, only a city man's concern with the weather (a rainy day, you wear your rubbers; that's all) and a certain poverty of vocabulary. There is no more sinking feeling of inadequacy than to find yourself, if you are city, in conversation with a group of farmers. Almost everything you ever learned or did seems pitifully inadequate, irrelevant, beside the point. Always the knowing wry tolerance of the farmers to contend with and the ever present possibility of asking a question that will strike them as incredibly ignorant or hilariously funny. It always reduces me to thumbs and silence.

But if I were to learn the right questions and even the right answers, I suppose there would still be a difference. There would always be that city background: finding a milk bottle frozen on the back porch in the winter and no childhood memory of trooping out at dawn to the cow shed. A good crop, in that case, would always represent a city man's triumph, not a country man's blessing. On a farm, at this stage of the game, I would forever be a displaced metropolite. When I gathered with my neighbors, there would always be the difference. The city background would always be present. It would be something they would have to learn to take into consideration.

Finally there is the matter of being a Catholic. I'm like millions of other Catholic Americans. I learned about American democracy first in Catholic schools. George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, "all men are created equal," separation of Church and State, all of it—I first learned from veiled, bonneted nuns. The nuns themselves were American girls steeped in the American tradition. In the mornings we said our prayers and after that: "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States and to the Republic for which it stands. . . . Good morning, Sister."

Sixteen years of Catholic schools, from the *Elson Reader* to the *Summa Theologica* and I never remember an anti-democratic argument supported in class.

Even on the question of separation of Church and State we were brought up on the doctrine of the American Cardinal Gibbons: "American Catholics rejoice in our separation of Church and State; and I can conceive of no combination of circumstances likely to arise which should make a union desirable either to Church or State. We know the blessings of our present arrangement; it gives us liberty and binds together priests and people in a union better than that of Church and State." We were never taught anything to contravene this, from kindergarten to graduate school.

One who is a Catholic, with the background of American Catholic schools, knows how it was, and is. But that is not to say that everybody else does. So I suppose the big task of Catholics when they read foolish, untrue books and articles about Catholicism's being a threat to American democracy is to keep their heads, whatever the temptation to fury, and to remember that those within the Church have one image of the Church in this country, those without oftentimes another.

The thing is to make our own image, our own knowledge of the Church clear, to dispel illusion and distortion and misunderstanding without increasing bitterness. That means patience, understanding, good will. The American in Europe, the Northerner in the South, the city slicker on the farm, the non-Catholic looking at the Church: they do not always see things in focus. It is good to remember.

JOHN COGLEY.

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To Move Toward Christian Unity

The basic principles which must animate every attempt at understanding and reunion.

By KARL ADAM

FOR the Catholic, in contrast to the Protestant conscience which is not in union with Rome, the *immediate* object of all effort at reunion can only be that each according to his powers should help to remove the obstacles which are keeping those who do not believe in her from Mother Church.

For these obstacles are his responsibility as well. It is not as though it were only the non-Catholic Christian who was the guilty party while the Catholic could think of himself as completely innocent and magnanimously proffering forgiveness. Both are at fault, and this fault extends to Rome itself.

Pope Adrian VI made public confession of this through his legate Chieregato before the German Princes assembled at the Reichstag at Nuremberg on the 3rd January 1523: "We freely acknowledge that God has allowed this chastisement to come upon His Church because of the sins of men and especially because of the sins of priests and prelates. . . . We know well that for many years much that must be regarded with horror has come to pass in this Holy See: abuses in spiritual matters, transgressions against the Commandments; indeed, that everything has been gravely perverted." And therefore he authorizes his legate to promise that "we will take all pains to reform, in the first place, the court of Rome, from which perhaps all these evils take their origin." When therefore the Holy See regards as one of its gravest and most urgent tasks the restoration of unity to Christendom—not only with the Orthodox Churches, which already have the essentials of dogma, cult and organization in common with it, but also with the Protestant communions—it is thereby fulfilling not only the duty of the Good Shepherd setting out in pursuit of the lost sheep but also the special duty of common penance and expiation.

Furthermore, it is not as if it were only the Protestants who are needy and the Catholics who are rich, overflowing with abundance and therefore able to wait contentedly until their starving brethren knock on their door. When these large portions of the Catholic Church were lost to her, she lost with them all those precious constructive powers, all those souls of deep religious aspiration who have since then worked so fruitfully and creatively within the separated communions, and who might have been called to cultivate the most perfect flowers of religious life upon Catholic soil. We lost much when we lost them. But the loss went deeper still.

Because large parts of western Christendom—in the tenth and eleventh centuries the Orthodox Greek-Russian Church with the Balkans, and in the sixteenth, considerable parts of Germany, Sweden, Norway, part of Hungary, the Anglican Church in England, Scotland and, dependent upon England, colonial territories beyond Europe—because all these were separated from Mother Church, her most dazzling, most brilliant mark, her world-wide *Catholicity*, was in danger of losing its former triumphant splendor. The world-wide Church seemed to have shrunk to a community of the Celtic and Latin peoples dwelling round the Mediterranean. And St. Augustine's proud words seemed to have been belied: *In omnibus linguis sum. Mea est Graeca, mea est Syra, mea est Hebraea, mea est omnium gentium.* (En. in ps. 147, 19.) With each schism the question arose like a threat: is our Church still really Catholic today, really world-wide? Has she not become a sect like the others? Because of the fearful seriousness of the question we Catholics have every reason to do our share in ensuring that the universality which, existing in germ, is of the essence of our Church—her "*intensive* Catholicity"—may be realized *extensively*; we must do our part to build her up again across all the schisms and separations of the past, that all men may see her for what she is, *Una Sancta.*

Moreover, this external, spatial catholicity of our Church is closely bound up with her *internal* catholicity, the universality of her spirit, the all-embracing character of her teaching. Because she is, in her invisible, supernatural essence, identical with the Body of Christ, all the religious and moral values of Christianity have their source and their true home in her. They are all destined, in their own time and place, to make their way to the light by an organic process of growth, as the flowering fruit-tree brings all the life flowing

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REV. KARL ADAM is the author of The Spirit of Catholicism, and Christ Our Brother. This article forms a part of One and Holy, to be published by Sheed and Ward later this month.

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within it to its richest development. But because the teaching Church, in combating whatever heresies arise, has laid special emphasis on the truths denied by those heresies, theological interest has tended to concentrate upon these truths, to the hurt, or at least the weakening, of their organic unity with the other truths of the faith. All the more so since theologians have been somewhat chary of unearthing the germ of truth which, as St. Augustine repeatedly insisted, lies hidden in every heretical system.

Thus theology has not always been completely "catholic" in the original, classic sense of the word. It has tended instead to be anti-Arian, anti-Nestorian, anti-Monophysite, anti-Lutheran, anti-Modernist. It has been hemmed in by its opposition to the current heresy. The anti-Lutheran attitude taken up by the theology in its battle with Lutheranism inevitably overflowed into the field of practical piety. So it came about that the believing Catholic, over against Lutheran individualism, set special store by the principle of the Church's *authority,* that here and there he let slip the sense of Christian freedom so precious to St. Paul, the sense of personal decision and responsibility. So it happened that he was in danger of regarding the whole of Christianity as a matter of mere blind obedience to the Church, and that consequently the Catholic attitude became one of passivity, even servility, of preferring to be led blindly rather than to see the road.

In the same way, opposition to Luther's cardinal doctrine of faith and grace alone not infrequently led to an over-emphasis, on the Catholic side, of sanctification by works and the externals of piety. The Catholic sometimes lost his way in a tangle of pious activity and neglected the most interior and essential matter, the simple "being in Christ" which abounds in trust, thanksgiving and joy. It seemed as though the justice of grace was to a great extent slipping back into a Judaic justice of works.

★

ONLY the fullness of *Una Sancta* will be able finally to overcome this anti-Lutheran attitude in Catholic devotion and to throw open again to souls the whole truths and values at which the believing Catholic has for long looked askance because they were especially emphasized and exaggerated by Luther. This reunion with the separated Protestant Christians will always be an aim of first importance for Catholics too.

It was of course in the nature of the case that Luther's unrestrained attacks on the "papal Antichrist" and the subsequent bitterly anti-Catholic development of Protestantism, despite a few attempts at reconciliation, prevented any real will to understand for many centuries. Rome held back. Reunion seemed completely hopeless. The only immediate course was to cast all care upon God. In his apostolic brief "Provida matris" in 1895 Pope Leo XIII dedicated the Novena of Prayer—the nine-days devotion before Pentecost —to prayer for the "Reunion of our separated brethren," and later on to the "Furthering of unity in Christendom." In 1908 American Episcopalians started an Octave of Prayer with a similar intention, which Pius X approved in 1909. It is always kept from the 18th to the 25th of January, and Benedict XV extended it to the whole Church.

★

AFTER the two World Wars, which showed with terrible clarity how the divisions between Christians prevented them from any effective effort to maintain world peace, the longing for an understanding between the Churches became more explicit and urgent. At Stockholm and Lausanne the Protestant communions sought to establish contact with the Greek Orthodox Church. And on all sides understanding of the Roman Catholic Church was growing too. When National Socialism began to display itself openly as anti-Christian and sought to realize this character in all its brutality, it was borne in upon every believing Christian that there was no longer any sense in poisoning the religious atmosphere by inter-confessional strife, and that the time had come to bear a *unanimous* witness to Christ. It was, then, the tragic events of recent history that prepared men's minds for religious discussion and understanding.

We may lay down, as our first principle, that every serious intention of understanding presupposes *taking one's own Confession seriously*: an underlying readiness to give a strict account of one's own religious Confession in full realization of one's responsibility before God. A man who has never taken his own church seriously will never take any other church seriously. He has no right to look towards another church if he has never taken the trouble to penetrate into the religious life and structure of his own Communion and to satisfy his religious needs there first. Religion is something so profound and so holy that of its very nature it obliges us in conscience to plumb the depths of our own Confession, to assay its whole content and know it in its entirety.

The history of Christianity has shown us that when the Enlightenment and German idealism had weakened or loosened the basic content of belief, the consequence was indifferentism, and this indifferentism led in turn to a complete loss of Christianity. The reunion of Christendom is an eminently religious matter. Therefore it demands an attitude of mind that searches for light and truth for the sake of *religion.*

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If a man attains to this clarity within his own church, if he can say Yes with complete conviction to his own church, he *may* not think of leaving it for another, he *may* not become a Catholic. However objectively false, from the Catholic standpoint, his position may be, he is nevertheless subjectively bound to remain in it so long as his conscience compels him. For it is only the dictates of our own sovereign conscience that can transform an objective norm into a subjective duty. Every Christian must apply to himself the words of St. Paul: the just man liveth by faith (Rom. i. 17). That is to say, only the man who lives according to the convictions of his conscience is truly just.

But where a man does not attain to this certainty of conscience, when an evangelical Christian finds that he has been mistaken, not indeed in Christ, but in his church, he finds himself, for the sake of truth, driven to leave his church in search of the true Church, and not to rest until he has found her. And he will find her, because the blessing of God, the strength and light of His Grace, will certainly fall upon such single-minded and fervent struggles for the truth.

But in either case, whether his relationship to his original Communion turns out to be positive or negative, a joyful affirmation or a critical rejection, he must take that Communion seriously, both as to its functions and as to its demands on him. This attitude is the only one which corresponds to the high ideal presented to us by the reunion of Christendom.

★

WE THUS come to the second principle which will ensure reunion or at least allow us to hope for it. It is this: Our striving for unity cannot be a matter of politics or culture or aesthetics or romanticism. It must be a *religious* movement. Wherever our concern is with religion, it is first and foremost God Who is at work. Thus our movement must be primarily a movement of *prayer*. The Octave of Prayer from the 18th to the 25th of January, kept by all Christians, Catholics and Protestants alike, must not remain confined within the walls of our churches. It must not be a mere religious gesture. It is hallowed and sustained by our Lord's own intention, the final wish of His heart: *ut omnes unum sint*. It is the cry of all Christendom: *Exsurge Domine,* Arise, O Lord, enlighten our minds and set our hearts on fire, that all the hindrances of this world may fall away, that we may open our hearts to each other and go to meet each other. There is only one place where we can find each other: the Heart of Jesus. The way to unity is not from Peter to Christ but *from Christ to Peter,* not from the outer to the inner but from the inner to the outer.

The way is indeed harder for a Protestant than for a Catholic. As we have already said, a Catholic hears the words of our Lord directly in the words of the Church. He need only have ears to hear. And in the midst of his Church—though the outer walls show cracks and fissures, the traces of her long history—in the midst of her stand the Altars. They are enveloped with the Redemption of Christ, wreathed around with the seven holy Mysteries. In these Mysteries he meets Christ, person to Person. He feels in them the very heart-beats of our Lord. In Catholic churches there is not merely much talk of Christ; there is much prayer to Him. We live with Him in a holy communion of Flesh and Blood.

For a Protestant the word of the Church is not something final and supreme, the word of Christ Himself. To hear that he must go to the Bible. And since even the Bible only reveals the eternal word of the Lord in a form conditioned by the time, thus concealing it as much as revealing it, he must stretch his mind and heart to the utmost in an effort to experience Christ Himself, to penetrate through the letter of the Bible to spiritual understanding, to the reality, the very word of the Lord. Thus the Protestant is in the last analysis thrown back on himself.

But however much our two ways to Christ may differ, it is only by starting from Christ, only in the light of His divine presence, free from all worldly attachments, that we shall be able to see eternal truth naked and sheer, free from earthly taint, untouched by the longings and passions of our own hearts. It is only standing before Christ that we breathe pure air. The men and things that surround us then stand no longer in our sight but in His. We no longer see them with our eyes, but with His.

In the light of Christ the Catholic will no longer wish to regard Luther simply as an apostate who broke faith with the Church. He will recognize the many lights in his character: his unfathomable reverence for the mystery of God; his tremendous consciousness of his own sin; the holy defiance with which, as God's warrior, he faced abuse and simony; the heroism with which he risked his life for Christ's cause; and not least the natural simplicity and childlike quality of his whole manner of life and his personal piety. And, on the other hand, the Protestant's anti-Romanism can no more take root and flourish in the light of Christ than the Catholic's anti-Lutheranism. In the light of Christ the Protestant will realize that it was precisely the Papal power at its fullest development which gathered the world into the dominion of Christ; that it is this same power which prevents the graces of the Redemption which have come among men from being dissipated; that without Papal infallibility in matters of faith and morals the divine revelation

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would be forever at the mercy of human error and extravagance; that the inner kernel of papal power, despite its external mediaeval splendor, is nothing but service of the Church, nothing but a perpetual washing of the feet of the disciples; and that upon the papal throne the succession of Peters has never died out, who to our Lord's question, "Peter, lovest thou Me more than these?" can give the simple answer, "Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee!"

Wherever we look we see the same thing: unity with Christ is the only possible foundation for the unity of Christians. It is only out of this inner unity with Christ that external unity, unity with Peter, will grow—when God wills and as God wills.

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WE TOUCH here on our third principle. This common love in Christ must bring all those who are concerned in *Una Sancta* to do what they can, with passionate determination, to soften the *antagonism* that exists between believers of the two Churches. There is no question here of concealing or minimizing the real differences in doctrine. On the contrary, for the sake of truth these differences must be laid bare, for this is the only way to reveal the true religious intentions which ultimately lie behind them on both sides. But these doctrinal differences can be presented quite objectively, and indeed in a truly irenic form, directed towards mutual understanding. On the other hand, they can also be presented in an unreal and wounding form. Lutheran and Catholic controversial writing of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries provides us with a shameful example.

Protestantism, in so far as it arose from a protest against Catholicism and therefore found itself compelled to build up its theology as a critical condemnation of Catholic doctrines in order to justify its own existence, is even more exposed to the danger of lapsing into this unreal style of polemic than is Catholic theology. The latter does at least live upon the rich heritage of pre-Lutheran Patristic and Scholastic thought, and can build up the complete edifice of Catholic doctrine without any reference to Protestantism. Any expert in the matter will bear witness that Protestant scholarship, right down to the level of school textbooks, is characterized by a much more savage tone than corresponding Catholic literature. On the other hand, there is a danger that the Catholic will be falsely influenced by the dogmatic intolerance of his Church, compelled, for the sake of truth, to condemn and reject all churches set up beside or against her, and will not bring to those of other faiths that openness of heart and true charity demanded by Christ.

There is thus on both sides a certain tendency towards loveless antagonism. There is an inclination to repeat old legends, long since exploded by serious research, like that of Luther's suicide, or of Pope Joan; or to argue from the crude expressions of naïve popular piety to the real doctrine of the Church; or to insist on dragging on with some general unfriendly feeling or prejudice against those of the opposite faith. Thus it comes about that Protestant and Catholic, though united by language and nationality and by thousands of cultural and economic ties, confront each other as strangers, not as brothers sharing their belief in Christ. And since they are usually most careful to avoid any talk of religious matters, contact at the deepest level is simply absent from their personal intercourse. This inevitably leads, on both sides, to an obscure feeling that the others are not being quite sincere and honest about it all. And this feeling may well poison mutual intercourse at its roots.

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WHEREVER the ideal of *Una Sancta* is really alive, this miserable state of affairs, the most miserable part of the whole inheritance of schism, must be abolished completely. It cannot but be exasperating for a Protestant when someone glaces at Luther's doctrine of salvation by faith alone and then speaks of "comfortable" Lutheran piety, contented with merely piously saying "Lord, Lord," as though Protestantism did not also stress the duty of penance and working at one's own sanctification. And it cannot but be exasperating for a Catholic to hear the holy Sacrifice of the Mass called a serving of idols, as though, for him, too, the Sacrifice of our Lord on the Cross were not the one, sole Sacrifice, which is made present for us at this moment by the Mass. It cannot but be exasperating for the Protestant when he sees Luther presented in the coarsest of pictures and regarded simply as a runaway monk; and it cannot but be exasperating for the Catholic when he finds Protestant textbooks *still* devoting a paragraph to describing the Pope as the true Antichrist: etc., etc.

Trusting love, loving trust must be the animating principle of all our relations with each other, and especially of our religious literature and religious discussion. For where true love is, "love from a pure heart, and a good conscience, and an unfeigned faith" (1 Tim. 1. 5), there, and only there, is the Holy Ghost. We pray God that this spirit of openness of heart and trusting love may be active and fruitful also in those upon whom God's dispensation has laid the heavy duty of preserving the purity of the faith handed down by the Church. May they all keep for their guiding thread the prayer instituted by the Holy See for reunion with the Oriental Churches: "We pray thee, O Lord . . . keep us from any fault that might estrange us *yet further*."

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FROM ENGLAND

The Present State of Religion

SOME 75 years ago an observer of English life prophesied that no cathedral would ever again be built in England. Since that Jeremiah gave tongue, three great cathedrals (two Anglican, one Catholic) have been built, and two more (an Anglican and Catholic) are being built.

During the past century the Anglican (Episcopal) Church in England and Wales has found it necessary, or desirable, to establish a score of new dioceses, while the Roman Catholic Church has established six new ones.

A few days ago I heard an aged Episcopalian clergyman declare that in his country parish of rather decreasing population, the number of Easter communicants had been multiplied by ten during the past fifty years; and that thousands of pounds had been subscribed for the restoration of parish churches in his section, so that a dozen churches that were dilapidated and neglected when he came there are now cared for, worthy, and used.

In 1949 there were 11,500 people in England and Wales sufficiently concerned about religion to join the Roman Catholic Church, and that annual figure has been pretty steady over many years.

Today's newspaper reports that the Methodist Circuit of Bodmin (a predominantly rural section of unfluctuating population) shows an increased membership.

There are religious broadcasts by the BBC every day, averaging a total of eight hours a week, and it is estimated that six million people listen to them on Sundays.

And so on. I could cite more things of the same kind, all going to show that—statistically—religion in England is flourishing and church-membership steady. Yet we all know it is nothing of the sort, even statistically. At the same time, things like the above should be borne in mind when reading the discouraging, sometimes black, reports of Gallup polls, and the like.

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THE weaknesses of such methods of investigation are sufficiently well known: the liability of the most honest mind to be swayed unconsciously by predispositions, and the way questions are worded, to name only two. But where religion is concerned opinion-tests and figures are peculiarly unreliable ways of getting at the truth. Ecclesiastical statistics have their legitimate uses, but their relevance to Christianity is small.

The prominence given to figures of church attendance is a case in point. Regular attendance at public divine worship is not for all Protestants a *sine qua non* of sincere religion, and so bare figures of numbers at church don't get you very far. Catholics, on the other hand, attach a primary importance to such worship; moreover, a minimum of attendance is imposed by disciplinary regulation. But observance of such regulation does not necessarily and of itself have a satisfactorily religious significance. So figures of church-goers can be misleading for Catholics too.

By its very nature no form of Christianity bodied forth in human beings is patient of examination for fruitful results by polls, sampling, figures, percentages. A thousand good Christians in a population of ten million presents a more healthy religious situation than five million people who put themselves down Roman Catholic, Wesleyan, or whatever on a census form but don't really try to do much about it. And even then we have to ask ourselves, "What is a good Christian?" Or even, "What is a Christian?" And the answer, or answers, to that will make the pollsters and observers tear their hair in despair, for these things just can't be measured or numbered or fitted into categories. Or even in the last resort—outside the mind of God—fully known.

I have not set out to explore these deeps, but simply to make this "warning noise" in view of a book that all who take the trouble to read this column will want to read when it reaches America. It is a social study by B. Seebohm Rowntree and G. R. Lavers called *English Life and Leisure,* which is being widely read over here—the publishers (Longmans, Green) evidently anticipated this big demand, for they have priced a handsome volume of 482 pages at only 15 shillings.

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IT is in two parts: the one gives 220 "case histories," typical of 975 collected in many parts of the country; the other is a series of chapters on such matters as gambling, drinking, cinema, radio, sexual relations, honesty, adult education (curiously enough omitting sport). There is one chapter specifically on religion, but religious considerations, or the lack of them, necessarily turn up on almost every page. The over-all impression produced is deplorable, indeed terrifying. And yet, with all the evidence given here and elsewhere of England's widespread irreligion and indifference to religious considerations, it is just this aspect of the book that is exciting most general interest and comment—even more than its evidence for sexual promiscuity. This reminds me of another example of the difficulty of weighing the evidence in these matters. Bookseller after bookseller has assured me that there is no sale for religious books: yet numerically such books stand very high on the production list—fourth out of forty-nine categories in 1947 (the latest list I have by me).

One thing is quite obvious from *English Life and Leisure*: the reiterated use of the word "paganism" in press and pulpit is even sillier than it sounds. Paganism is by definition religious, however falsely and inadequately. What Mr. Rowntree and Mr. Lavers diagnose is precisely a state of *irreligion*. The complete nescience or complete misunderstanding of what Christianity is all about is astounding, or at least will astound many.

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To Miss M. (aged 21) "Jesus is exactly as real as Guy Fawkes—she heard confusedly about both at school." When Mrs. U. "says a quiet prayer occasionally but thinks it silly really as prayers are never answered" she speaks for a multitude. Time and again these "histories" tell of people intellectually and psychologically circumscribed by their material surroundings, with no knowledge and no conscious need of anything outside, above, different from themselves. And yet when it comes to criticizing "the churches" and the people who go to them —and it often comes to that—these criticisms are made, often quite unconsciously, from the standpoint of Christian teaching. And the charge that comes time and again is "formalism": we are judged by our fruits as known to the speaker, and found badly wanting.

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A REVIEWER has written that this survey "provides material (however inadequate) for judgment; its picture is that of the society which the Church exists to redeem." In the process of the redemption of society—that is, of the individuals that compose it—the part of the Good Samaritan can be decisive. This survey gives a cool, unemotional relation of the horrifying conditions in which such large numbers of people live; as well as material conditions of poverty, squalor, bodily disease and pain, those conditions produced by corruption, vice, brutality, selfishness, ignorance, stupidity, whether in oneself or in one's household or surroundings. All of which can be directly responsible for those wounds, agonizing and deadly wounds of the spirit, which reduce the life of many "ordinary" people to a sort of living death.

It is to such suffering—and to joys no less—that the message of Christ (and not simply, *pace* Mr. Roundtree and Mr. Lavers, the voice of "institutional religion") is said by so many to be irrelevant. Evidently that message has been delivered by muffled voices and stammering tongues. It is indeed charged that Christians give an impression, not of the Good Samaritan, but of the Priest and the Levite who passed by on the other side.

The warning I gave above is not to be taken as a "warning-off" this book, *English Life and Leisure*. Not at all. Its evidence is unexceptionable, for religion as for other matters. But its authors "do not claim that the number of persons interviewed is sufficiently large to justify us in making any statistical analysis of the information supplied." So let me finish as I began. *English Life and Leisure* is not the whole story.

DONALD ATTWATER.

FOR FRIENDS ABROAD

Foreign exchange restrictions make it difficult to subscribe to The Commonweal from overseas. Friends and relatives who are abroad therefore find Commonweal gift subscriptions doubly welcome. $1 extra a year for postage outside Latin America.

SO THEY TELL ME

The Mind Is Its Own Place

WERE I asked to state the supreme achievement of the human mind, I should reply that it was the concept of justice. That men deserve to be treated fairly is the premise on which civilization is erected and maintained. To justice's arbitrament the weak and the strong equally submit themselves, by her brutality and cruelty are rebuked, the innocent protected and the criminal punished, the burden of oppression lifted. Where justice exists, the policeman is a servant, and no lion rages in our civil streets.

Politically, the twentieth century has been distinguished by States of terror, by the secret police, the gun-barrel drumming on the door in the expectant night, slave labor, the concentration camp, the gas chamber; by the slow, prolonged, deliberate wastage of men into emaciated death. The terroristic state has invented the political heretic and conspirator and compelled him to confess to crimes he did not commit. Gletkin's "superior constitution," drugs, physical and psychological devices have been used to enslave the human will so that men admit what they are required to admit.

To our democratic state, the physically enforced confession has not been unknown. But, so far as I know, the psychiatrically induced confession is a new thing. We Americans have looked with distaste on lie-detectors, and have regarded the psychiatrist in our courtrooms with acute unease. Dr. Carl Binger, peering with owlish and supposedly wisdom-laden eyes at Whittaker Chambers, in the first Hiss trial; Dr. Murray, making sibylline judgments from Mr. Chambers' writings, in the second trial, made some of us afraid that justice was returning to striated masks, rings of smoke, and drums beating, like dark hearts, in fronded jungles.

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NOW, in the city of New York, the psychiatrist has brought his skillful mind and hands into the prison cell in order, through quasi-hypnotic ministration, to coerce the human and believing mind. A district attorney's office, and the police, resorted to mental coercion. The policeman was Captain Meenehan; the district attorney was Miles F. McDonald. To this purpose—a confession of guilt by the accused—an anonymous psychiatrist agreed to put the efficacy of his training and his skill. Tribute was paid to these by the prosecutor in these words: "with his superior mental powers, his studies of psychology, he was able to accomplish what a browbeating policeman might not have been able to obtain." One wishes always that the browbeating policeman would disappear, like the spittoon or the mustache cup. But

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confession of crime is not the less involuntary because the voice is unctuous and the hands seductive.

The facts are these. For the hammer murder of his seventy-five-year-old father and his eighty-year-old mother, in Brooklyn, on January 10, 1950, Camilo Leyra, Jr., was arrested, tried and convicted. His conviction rested largely upon his own alleged confessions, and he was sentenced to death. The conviction was appealed to the New York Court of Appeals on the ground that "grave and prejudicial errors were committed with respect to these alleged confessions." The Court of Appeals, undoubtedly one of America's most brilliant and respected courts, reversed the conviction and ordered a new trial. Speaking for the court, Mr. Justice Froessel said that "to hold otherwise would ordain the rule that the rights of a defendant to a fair trial under our laws may be deliberately disregarded if the evidence, however improper, points to the defendant's guilt." (*New York Law Journal,* Tuesday, July 10, 1951, P. 49.)

My special interest in the case lies in the fact that a police captain "introduced defendant to a physician, who is also a specialist in neurology and psychiatry, a psychologist, and one who uses the technique of psychoanalysis in his practice." Before talking to the defendant in his cell, the doctor had talked to the Brooklyn district attorney, and had been "briefed" by the police captain. He agreed to talk to the defendant if there was no one else present. "He knew, however, that the room was wired and that the interview would be electrically recorded by a recording machine, which was specially set up that day. The police and the district attorney were in the police station, where they overheard the entire interview and permitted it to continue uninterruptedly." (All quotations are from the written opinion of Mr. Justice Froessel.)

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THE psychiatrist, constantly referring to himself in words like "I'm your doctor," and being called "doctor" by the defendant, took an hour and a half to complete the interview. Part of the technique reveals itself in this:

> Q. "I want you to recollect and tell me everything. I am going to *make* you remember and recollect back and bring back thoughts—thoughts which you think you might have forgotten. I can *make* you recollect them. It's entirely to your benefit to recollect them because, you see, you're a nervous boy. You got irritable and you might have got in a fit of temper. Tell me. I am here to help you. A. I wish you would, doctor. Q. I am going to put my hand on your forehead and as I put my hand on your forehead you are going to bring back all these thoughts that are coming to your mind. I am going to keep my hand on your forehead and I am going to ask you questions and now you will be able to tell me." (All italics mine.)

On this Justice Froessel comments, at one point: "This technique—of promising help, such as 'We'll help,' 'Everybody will help you,' 'We're with you one hundred per cent,' 'We'll play ball with you,' placing his hands on defendant's head; making him recollect; minimizing the homicides by suggesting that they were done in a fit of temper, saying *'Morally, you are not to be condemned, right'?* A. 'Right'; commanding defendant to look at him, to open and close his eyes; suggestions to defendant as to what he should say—runs all through the transcript of the recording."

But, as Alice in Wonderland says, it gets curiouser and curiouser. One of the more revealing, yet tantalizing, bits of conversation with this tired and sleepless man, is this: "Doc, I'm trying so hard." "Doctor, I'm exhausted, so please be patient." The doctor kept at him: "See, I can make you talk very truly. [The doctor obviously had been reading Hemingway.] *I can give you an injection now.*" And, towards the close of the interview, we have: "Q. You have a much better chance to play ball (noise) than if you say you don't remember. If you tell me that you were in a fit of anger, that you were angry, that you just swung the hammer, but if you tell me that you don't remember, then you will be working against yourself. Where will it get you? A. At that point there, I was so mad. I was like white hot metal. I was so mad. I was never mad at anyone in my life . . . (Noise)."

This interruption of the transcript by noise led Justice Froessel to make this comment: "What happened during these 'noise' periods, we do not know; why the doctor suddenly asked defendant after an interruption, 'Do you feel better?', followed by another interruption, is unexplained."

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I HAVE no right to go where Justice Froessel did not go, but the noise persistently solicits and torments the imagination. And that injection! Was it a real injection? Was there a real needle, off a little, but in plain sight of the sleepless man, bearing its burden of colored fear; its mysterious incentive, its promise of easing and delightful sleep?

> Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
> Beloved from pole to pole!
> To Mary Queen the praise be given!
> She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
> That slid into my soul.

What things there are the world around, that men have said and done for sleep; and for the lack of it. The poetic, childlike mind thanks the Queen of Heaven for it. In our time all ease and bodily pleasures rest longingly in the point of a doctor's needle. In satellite states, in the mother country, in Brooklyn, New York—down in the basement the prosecutor waits, the police wait and they listen to the record, while the soft, professional voice, the male and softly moving hands fall softly, like a friend—the needle is in sight and man is hostage to it, its unknown threat, its infinite friendliness. In the historic cycle, the medicine man is with us once again.

Obviously, the defendant in this case confessed his alleged crimes to the psychiatrist. Later he confessed

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to the police and to the district attorney. The confessions became a matter of record, and were used in the trial, and offered to the trial jury as part of the evidence of guilt. The fact that the confessions were tied together in one bundle for the jury, the confessions to the authorities taking strength from their implication with that to the psychiatrist, does not detain me here. For if the one is the consequence of coercion that is enough.

Whatever the myth may say of us in the United States, the life of the indicted is difficult enough. Oratory persists in pronouncing that those charged with guilt are presumed to be innocent until their guilt is proved. "In practice," writes Max Radin in *The Law and You,* "if casual statements of jurymen can be relied on, it does not help the accused very much. It has been half-cynically declared that it is nonsense to say that a person is presumed to be innocent when a grand jury has already declared that he is probably guilty. And it may be that the attitude of the jurymen is described correctly by the apocryphal story of the juryman who, on hearing of the presumption from the court, retorted, 'If he's innocent, how does he come to be here?'" (Mentor P. 113.)

It seems to me that, as the arrest and trials of Judith Coplon prove, we are growing very careless in our legal procedures. The temptation, as in this case, of a district attorney, to get convictions is often limited only by his ambition. But, until now, the presumption that the doctor was more ethically controlled has been a part of our mores. He has been regarded by the law as a privileged person. What, for example, his patient has said to him is confidential as against all men. By the law he has been put in the category of priest. Now, in this case, he has conspired with a district attorney and the police to practice deceit and to perform torture. The flags of science are at half-mast.

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THE New York Court of Appeals has rebuked the lawyer and the doctor, the police captain, the trial judge. It has reminded those who needed reminding, that there is no such thing as science; there are men who are moral, and there are men who are not.

"Torture of the mind," said Justice Froessel, "is just as contrary to inherent fairness and basic justice as torture of the body. A confession by which a person forfeits his life must be grounded on reasoned and voluntary choice. We would have to close our minds to the plain import of what occurred to deny that here was a deliberate attempt to extract a confession through the ceaseless pressure of a skillful psychiatrist by his peculiar technique, claiming to be the defendant's doctor, promising to help him, giving assurances and at the same time conducting an unrelenting interrogation of the exhausted accused. Aside from constitutional objection, we have not yet reached the stage where medical science, represented by an accord among its experts, establishes the trustworthiness of a confession induced by the means here adopted."

But what is awesome and noisome to discover is that we have tried. FRANCIS DOWNING.

The Screen

"ALL IN THE GOLDEN AFTERNOON"

SOMETIMES we forget that a young Oxford don, Reverend Charles Dodgson, started telling the remarkable stories of Alice's adventures as he and three little girls rowed on a river on a lazy summer afternoon; and he continued his fantastic tales as entertainment for these girls who were the daughters of the dean. The newly released English film of *"Alice in Wonderland"* tries not to let us forget this and tries very hard to establish a correlation between people whom Dodgson knew and the characters in the book. The film opens with actors portraying Dodgson, Dean Liddel, his three daughters—one of whom is Alice—various dons as well as Queen Victoria and her husband, whose visit throws this quiet Oxford community into turmoil. Then when Dodgson starts telling what happened to Alice after she went down the rabbit hole, puppets take over and impersonate the characters. Carol Marsh, as pretty a girl as you'd want to see, plays Alice in the prologue and in the "Adventures," and the puppets re designed after the Tenniel illustrations.

Actually this device is not too successful. I think it could have been done if the script writers had been willing to delve deeper into the famous author's peculiarly split personality made up of the didactic, humorless bachelor Charles Dodgson and that utterly whimsical master of screwball known as Lewis Carroll. But the prologue as it now stands is pretty shallow and Dallas Bower has directed his actors in such a way that they are more like caricatures than real people. The transition when the puppets take over is oversimplified. Pamela Brown plays Queen Victoria as if she were already the Queen of Hearts; Felix Aylmer as Dean Liddel too easily becomes the Cheshire Cat; and so on down the line—with Ernest Milton acting like the White Rabbit while he is still Vice Chancellor of Christ College.

The puppets, designed by Lou Bunin who produced the whole picture, are fun at first but grow rather tiresome as the adventures go on and on. Unless puppets are done with great imagination as they were in "The Emperor's Nightingale," they seem rather wasted in movies, a medium which is already full of tricks to fool the eye and ear. Of course the Carroll lines and situations win a laugh every now and then; but this production of "Alice," perhaps because its Ansco Color is so poor, or because of its heavy-handed prologue, or its static puppets, has an air of stodginess that isn't in keeping with Lewis Carroll. It's as if the English, who can be awfully insular at times, felt that they too had to capture an "Alice" in cinema, and their result comes as if they were awkardly saying, "Look, ma, I'm dancing."

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WALT DISNEY'S *"Alice in Wonderland,"* which is also being released now, is something else again.

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It may make you wonder how Disney dared depart so far from Tenniel, but no matter how indignant you get over his liberties with your childhood conceptions of "Alice," you've got to admit that his animated cartoon adaptation of the famous stories is bright and fresh and imaginative. Every time I found myself getting annoyed at a scene, like the opening one with its realistic calendar art, I'd find myself getting great pleasure from a later scene that showed Disney's artists at their best.

As with most of Disney's cartoons that attempt real people, Alice is flat and jerky, but Kathy Beaumont's voice in the role is a delight, and you feel warmly sympathetic with this girl as she goes on her adventures in Carroll's nonsensical world. You may feel like a victim of the changing times, however, as you hear recognizable voices in many of the other roles; but these voices do such a good job and they handle the Carroll lines so well that you won't complain—unless of course you're a Carrollphile who can't stand any monkeying with your favorite author. I can take or leave Carroll, so I particularly liked the voice of Ed Wynn as the Mad Hatter, that of Sterling Holloway as the Cheshire Cat, Richard Haydn's as the Caterpillar, and Pat O'Malley as the Tweedle Brothers, Dum and Dee. And while the songs, like most of the picture, are as much Disney as Carroll, most of them are quite in keeping with this gay dream story.

Actually I suppose one shouldn't object to Disney's modern touches in the visualization of this tale that belongs to folk lore. If you haven't read *Alice* for years, you'll be pleased to find that it's still good fresh fun, much of which fits very well in this age of psychology. Maybe we need just the kind of ribbing that Carroll-avec-Disney gives us. And certainly the kids can take it.

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IF, HOWEVER, you like your fun to run to the sentimental strongly powdered with nostalgia, *"On Moonlight Bay"* could be your meat. It's a pleasant little Technicolor item adapted from Booth Tarkington's *Penrod* stories, and strangely enough for once the movies have crashed through with music, color and a popular cast without getting so elegant in production numbers that you are overwhelmed with implausibility. The script really has the air of a small Indiana town of some forty years ago, and Director Roy Del Ruth was willing to let his actors act like people instead of glamorous movie stars, on a binge. Much of the charm of the film comes from Billy Gray's unassuming performance as the twelve-year-old boy who thinks and acts and dreams like a twelve-year-old—and gets his sister just as angry. Doris Day has a sweet charm as the sister and you will understand her anger at her brother, but you may wonder a bit about her yen for Gordon MacRae who has looks and voice but little more. Most of the songs are done as good old songs should be done. They and the warmly realistic performances of Leon Ames and Rosemary De Camp as papa and mama are guaranteed to give you a catch in the throat. If that's what you want, "On Moonlight Bay" is for you. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Of Note

Catholic Education

THE current *Blackfriars,* English Dominican monthly, (Blackfriars, Oxford, England) features an article on "Catholic Education in America" written by W. D. Nutting of the University of Notre Dame.

Catholic institutions of higher learning have now been in existence in this country long enough to make a general evaluation possible. One might ask if they have fulfilled the primary purpose of their foundation, which was to give a liberal or professional education which was just as good as that given by the secular schools, but under conditions which would not endanger the students' faith. To this one can say yes. Graduates from our schools are as good doctors or lawyers or engineers or journalists or scholars as are those who come from elsewhere; and in general they do not lose their faith in the course of their education, whereas there is a truly great mortality among Catholic students who go to state schools.

I think also that it is safe to say that moral standards are higher among those who graduate from our colleges and universities than among those who received an equivalent education elsewhere. This is not easy to prove, but I have had my opinion confirmed by conversations with students who have come back to school after their war service. They are practically unanimous in saying that in their experience it was far easier to maintain a Christian standard amid the temptations of military life if you had as your companions men from Catholic colleges. If you made your friends among men from other schools you were sunk. This is strong testimony, coming as it does from young men who are inclined to be quite critical of the school they are attending.

Our Catholic system of higher education has succeeded in what it was designed to do. But the cost has been so tremendous, particularly in the professional schools where extensive equipment is required, that the administrators of the schools have had to devote most of their attention to the desperate raising of money. This situation often produces in the school an atmosphere of tension, a sensitiveness to current economic conditions, and to the opinion of potential donors, which detracts from the calm dignity which an academic institution should have. Moreover, since donations to Catholic colleges never will equal the money available to state schools through taxation, the former can never match the latter in equipment and seldom in teachers' salaries.

It would be possible for our colleges to create among their teachers a dignity and an *esprit de corps* which would more than compensate for lack of equipment and lower pay. The medieval univer-

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sities, in which the teachers were organized in what amounted to craft guilds, set a pattern of professorial autonomy, co-operation and dignity which gave the master of arts a position of great respect not only in the academic world but in society at large. The modern European universities have to a certain extent preserved this exalted position of the teacher. The American secular universities have unfortunately tended to abandon the guild pattern and to assimilate themselves to the pattern of industry with its chronic conflict between labor and management; and the Catholic schools have not been slow to follow suit.

The tension which has resulted between the teachers and the 'administration' by the following of this industrial pattern has in our Catholic schools been somewhat augmented by the fact that these schools, almost all of them, were founded and are still operated by religious communities and were until recently staffed almost completely by members of these communities, who were, of course, under religious obedience. These religious teachers did not partake at all of the autonomy of the medieval teaching guild. Their relation to their superiors was externally analogous to the relation between teachers and 'administration' in the secular schools. They did what they were told, and the superiors made the decisions.

When, because of the expansion of the schools in size and in variety of subjects taught, lay teachers became so numerous as to be the rule rather than the exception, the problem of the relation of these teachers to the government of the school became acute. It has remained so, and small progress has been made toward its solution. There is in the teaching profession a need for respect and for self-determination. This need is violated by the condition of being an employee. From my acquaintance with lay teachers in our Catholic colleges I would say that they all feel that they are treated as employees. None of them likes it. Some of these shrug it off with a kind of general cynicism. Others resent it deeply and wish for a teachers' union. Others leave for the state schools where they think, probably wrongly, that conditions are better. The tragedy is that many of these men wish heartily to devote their lives to Catholic education, but find that they are never allowed really to belong to the institution for which they are asked to sacrifice themselves. They 'just work there.' If our schools could find a way to incorporate the teacher into their midst as a first-class citizen they would be making a valuable contributionto American education as a whole. . . . We are beginning to see that it is not enough to produce men who will take places of distinction in American society. That society itself is in danger of collapse; and what is more necessary is that this society be sustained by being made Christian. In the face of this newly realized need, the old ideal is seen to be inadequate.

Nehru: Philosopher, Prophet, Politician

By RICHARD M. WEAVER

NO FACT has been more disturbing to Western confidence than the refusal of India to side fully with the West in the Korean conflict. The long history of India as the spiritual leader of the East, together with widespread moral support of its independence movement, has given that country a kind of sanctuary, so that the rougher appellations applied to other nations in time of international disagreement have hardly seemed suited to it. We feel that India is a kind of prophet or sage among the nations, whereas the rest are but political hucksters or worse. I imagine that considerations of this sort led Mr. Cousins to seek his interview with Prime Minister Nehru, and to publish the recorded transcript of his two conversations in book form. (*Talks with Nehru. Jawaharlal Nehru and Norman Cousins. John Day.* $2.).

These sixty pages of question and answer are best studied for the glimpse they give of the Indian leader's mind. Not that they are greatly revealing; there are some indications that Nehru was trying to get through a dull occasion with the least wear and tear possible; and no doubt the head of a state soon comes to realize that the moment he steps beyond generalities, he is in trouble. Notwithstanding these limitations, the broad lineaments are there, and they have something to tell us about present and pending East-West differences.

★

LET ME SAY before going further that the man looms large. Prime Minister Nehru seems to belong to a class elsewhere almost extinct, the political leader whose opinions have some basis in philosophy. He speaks with wisdom and prophecy, and it will be far better for us to try to understand what he is saying than to assume, on superficial evidences, that India is lost to our side.

For Nehru the prospects of civilization are darkened by what is happening to the individual man. As the mentality of the crowd everywhere gains ascendancy, the conditions necessary to his creative development are deteriorating. The result is a "de-individualization and brutalization" which leaves him irresponsible. Yet he admits that in many departments of life the forces making for centralization seem inexorable.

The view of democracy of one so situated is naturally of the utmost import to us. Democracy should cease to

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put so much faith in slogans. "The Communist lives on slogans. Some of the slogans are not bad, but I dislike most slogans. They prevent the person from thinking. All slogans, I think, are rather confusing, although they may contain an element of truth in them. So let us face this problem, certainly in a moral way, in a spiritual way, and, if I may say so, in a reverent way and, if I may also say so, with always the idea at the back of my mind that I may not be wholly right."

The key phrase in this passage, it seems to me, is "in a reverent way." In the last analysis of forces, probably the greatest enemy democracy faces is aggressiveness; but it is the height of unwisdom to suppose that aggressiveness shows itself only in the form of military force. There is a psychological aggressiveness, an industrial aggressiveness, a kind of aggressiveness nourished by vanity; and it would be tedious to point out that some nations which consider themselves democratic and peace-loving have been the chief bearers of these aggressive complexes. Military conflict is the final product, of which these are the breeders. We need therefore to attend closely to the following: "I would say that democracy is not only political, not only economic, but something of the mind, as everything is ultimately something of the mind... It involves a certain contemplative tendency, and a certain inquisitive search for truth—and for, let us say, the right thing... Ultimately it is a mental approach applied to our political and economic problems." "A certain contemplative tendency!" How seldom do we see this named as one of the components of democracy! But here are the two almost forgotten virtues, reverence and contemplativeness, placed at the base of democratic mentality. It is a counsel to resist the temptation of imperiousness (surely the psychological forerunner of imperialism) and to cultivate a willingness to let some things be. There is even more direct language on the point: "But I am terribly afraid of people who talk about morality or about crusading. The whole conception in India was built up, if you look at Indian history, on the principle of nonproselytization."

★

IT MUST BE understandable why a man for whom these are essential verities cannot go along with the clichés of thought that seem to fetter Western minds, even in high circles of government. To Nehru the United Nations is good in formal outline; yet a legal structure is not enough, especially if large bodies of the world's population are ignored. It will be an effective instrumentality only when "the organization itself begins to represent what might be called the will of the world community." He believes that communism and nationalism, although they have worked together in Asia in the last twenty-five years, are coming into increasing conflict. When conflict occurs, nationalism proves the stronger. For these reasons he does not believe that China is a puppet of Soviet Russia. The two are allied in various ways, but at every critical point "China decides for itself what it has to do and what it has not to do." He feels that the present Chinese government is "very representative of the large majority of the Chinese people."

Fears that Nehru and his followers may become adherents of Bolshevist communism seem groundless, largely because of the legacy of Gandhi. Gandhi taught the leaders of the independence movement that means should never be subordinated to ends. This lesson made a deep impression upon Nehru, and is here cited with approval.

One political fact which emerges with steady clarity in the Prime Minister's statements is the determination of India to maintain its independence. It appears that for the foreseeable future, independence is going to be a kind of political absolute for the Indians. The achievement of that independence cost them something, and nothing that threatens it is going to get a moment's consideration by them.

I suggest that this may be the prime factor in India's decision to go its own way. After all, the peoples of the Orient are said to have long memories, and it is certain that we of the West have short ones. A people like that of the United States, which not only forgets quickly but tends to make a virtue of forgetting, fails to understand the difference that can make. If the average American will turn back the pages of his country's history only fifty years, he will be amazed at the things that were being said in his national Congress. I should like to make this point through an example. Little more than half a century has passed since Albert J. Beveridge declared on the floor of the Senate, to the applause of the galleries:

> God has not been preparing the English-speaking and Teutonic peoples for a thousand years for nothing but vain and idle self-contemplation and self-admiration. No! He has made us the master organizers of the world to establish system where chaos reigns... He has made us adepts in government that we may administer government among savages and senile peoples.
>
> Pray God the time may never come when Mammon and the love of ease shall so debase our blood that we will fear to shed it for the flag and its imperial destiny.

Now a convenient short memory may keep such facts from rising up to embarrass us, but fifty years is a short time to the peoples of the East, and we may not suppose that they have forgotten them. They are going to make assurance doubly sure that they are not again the victims of such sentiments, and a sufficient grasp of that fact will have to be the foundation of our dealing with them. The modest insistence of Prime Minister Nehru upon such realities may be one of the best contributions to world understanding.

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Books

Crime In America. Estes Kefauver. Doubleday. $3.50.

SENATOR Kefauver's book records no Committee sessions in the city of Boston simply because there was none. The Senators may have felt the Hub situation did not warrant Congressional time and money which could be expended more efficaciously in cities like Chicago, New York and Miami.

Don't get the wrong impression. We have our share of hoods, bookies, pimps and con men. But it is probably true that there are less of these around the Hub than in the above named cities. It's just that what you read about Boston is usually true. Despite our reputation for political corruption, righteousness and self-righteousness are abroad in our land.

Even if we can get only four people to attend a class in the liturgy, you still can't laugh off 70,000 people saying a thunderous rosary at Braves Field. I know there are die-hard Yankees who still think that the present morality-conscious atmosphere of Boston is attributable to them. But who actually bans the books in Boston, the Holy Name Society or the Watch and Ward Society?

If the Kefauver Committee should change its mind and decide to visit us, something undoubtedly could be arranged. For example, the Committee could, in a pinch, call to the stand several representative proper Bostonians who might be grilled regarding the colonial origins of their wealth. With a little prodding, over a bottle of rye, perhaps some Boston-Irish politician could be persuaded to uncover many embarrassing facts about the smuggling and piratical activities of certain famous Yankee forebears now enshrined in American history. *Sample question*: "How well did your great, great grandfather know John Hancock?"

Be it here avowed, however, that the Yankees and the Irish are infinitely preferable to the N. Y., Chicago and Miami torpedoes about whom Senator Kefauver writes.

And if further Boston evidence is required it might be revealed that we used to have our own little underworld on the other side of the Charles. One couldn't make it entirely convincing to a judge or a theologian, but my old boyhood pals in East Cambridge used to steal for largely athletic reasons, right out in front of the whole world. If a football was needed, or a helmet, we would go over to Harvard Stadium ("They gut puh-lenty!") during practice sessions, snally-grab the item and run like sixty over the lovely, lordly Lars Anderson Bridge, across the Charles. Naively enough, my fellow urchins and I felt that if you used your ill-gotten goods in clean, healthy sport, it was okay. We didn't know Thomas Aquinas said you could "steal" if you needed food badly enough. But we reasoned along the same lines.

I RECALL the time I saw two football jackets snatched right off the lap of Beatty Feathers of the Chicago Bears. Beatty sat there stunned — and he from Chicago!— while the culprits fought like bearcats over two handsome, orange-trimmed parkas. One of the parkas was, in fact, ripped in two. A policeman lunged at the snatchers through the crowd which milled about the bench at game's end. But the cop was at a decided disadvantage. I bet he never wore rubber boots to Fenway Park again.

As one of the gang I was permitted to wear the parka to high school for one week. It was size 46. There was room left in it for my grandmother. But I wore it faithfully and proudly to classes every day and told many a fabulous lie about my intimacy with Red Grange.

At the risk of provoking smiles from the theologians, I must insist that there is quite a difference between Red Grange's parkas at a Boston high school and Paul Ricca's "1,100-acre farm in Kendall County, Illinois."

None of the boys in our gang, as far as I know, ever broke into a grocery store, or stole money, or did anything mean or petty or completely ruthless, for money. Maybe life, since then, has led them to do vicious and irresponsible things for a buck— but I doubt it. There was too much wind and sun around them always— too much love of Red Grange. And even the boy who snatched a baseball cap off Chuck Klein's head, as Chuck walked toward the showers at Braves Field, did it more out of hero-worship for a great athlete than out of any need for a cap.

Testimony: "Senator Kefauver, it was wilfully wrong for us to take things athletic into our own hands this way. But perhaps there weren't enough Bishop Sheils and free baseballs to go round. And it may be that in the early lives of these public enemies you write about there was also a need for the physical and spiritual aids of social welfare.

"This reviewer has lived in Chicago, Senator, and has worked with youth there. He has seen the environments out of which the Accardos and the Guziks emerge, out of the tenement jungles where they have learned to survive according to one law, the law of the club and the fang.

"He has observed others who have pulled themselves almost bodily out of the slime of their environments. But in almost every case these escapees have been helped by some dedicated person who offered free baseballs as well as a free, unlimited vision of the Christian ideal.

"Your arresting book, Senator, your sobering book on the criminals among us is vastly more significant than your recent TV spectacle. It is filled with insight and constructive proposals for the minimization of organized crime. Here again, in your book, is the righteousness of Senator Tobey, the tortoise-shelled intentness of Halley, the manicure of Frank Costello. Yet if entertainment took precedence on TV, the call to personal responsibility for youth and renewed legal action against confirmed criminals takes precedence here."

JOE DEVER.

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White Man Returns. Agnes Newton Keith. Little Brown. $4.

MRS. KEITH must be one of the last remaining apologists for colonialism in the best sense. She says quite flatly in her latest book that "the brown races to whom this country belongs, the aborigines of North Borneo, are not yet ready to govern themselves and are better off under us." She, her husband and their young son returned to this war-shattered colony, before the effects of the Japanese captivity they had endured with such heroism had worn off, in order to do what they could for these ignorant and impoverished Malayan peoples.

They were helped in this brave resolve by their love for the land and its various primitive peoples. Equatorial heat is unbroken, rains are torrential, the jungle is everywhere—teeming with all forms of life. Disease is chronic, sanitation virtually unknown and the natives unwilling to cultivate enough rice to provide the staple diet on which they exist. As Conservator of Forests and Director of Agriculture in that remote British colony, the author's husband had insuperable obstacles to meet.

Getting the people of North Borneo on their feet was the object of the return—as the message of this book is universal brotherhood. For Mrs. Keith says that what she has been doing there helps ease her conscience when she thinks of the appalling disparity between Western and Asiatic standards of living.

White Man Returns, however, will be read primarily for its abounding color. It is personal and intimate. One incident follows another in rapid succession. None is quite so striking as a week's expedition into the jungle in search of the hidden caves where swiftlets build the nests so greatly in demand for Chinese bird's nest soup (the swiftlet's saliva, which holds the twigs together, is the ingredient that makes the soup so highly prized by Chinese gourmets).

When the Keiths plunge into the jungle everything and everyone is dripping with rain. Leeches have fastened on their legs and drawn blood. Crocodiles lie in wait in the rivers. Wild pigs wallow in the swamps; monkeys and barking deer are much in evidence. "Every leaf quivers with a leech." Beds have to be covered with mosquito netting and all night long the itching is unbearable. Here, for George, the 10-year-old son, is adventure that he cannot get enough of.

I think Mrs. Keith is less successful with the various natives that appear in her pages. They are primarily "characters." Their curious little customs, exotic dress and their typically Oriental failings are the things that impress. They are fellow-humans, but the author loves and helps each one as she would love and help a child. Perhaps many of them are actually scarcely more than children. In any case the author, uneasy as she is about the new desire for self-determination in Asia, still conceives the white man's burden in these terms. And she is in a unique position to know. I wonder whether she ever asks herself the somewhat

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idle question why the natives in the European colonies have had so little preparation for the responsibilities they now burn to assume in so many lands.

EDWARD S. SKILLIN.

The Watch. Carlo Levi. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.75.

CARLO LEVI'S new book will never vie with his first novel, *Christ Stopped at Eboli,* in popularity. It appeals to a more limited number of readers. Where the first novel was brilliantly successful in conveying a fresh poetical interpretation of Italy's perennial problem, the problem of the South, and all of Levi's vision was focused on one place and one people, this second novel lacks both the intensity and the freshness of theme of the first. And the moods of the two works are so different! Whatever one may think of some of the political reasoning of Levi in *Christ Stopped at Eboli,* it was a hopeful vision he had. It was a very young book which looked to the future and had a warmth and a vitality to it. *The Watch,* instead, is nostalgic, it is mellow, and it does not look to any future but meditates on disillusionment. It is one of the most beautiful nostalgic works to have come out of Europe recently.

It may appear to some that in this instance Levi indulges too much in ideas, that he is flirting with the novel of ideas, but he is not. He uses ideas as he uses his images. His ideas are remarkable for their suggestiveness, their sparkle, but they are more fantastic than cerebral relationships. Perhaps the beauty of Levi's art lies in knowing how to envision fantastic ideas.

The story—no—the incident, for that is what this really is, describes Levi's stay in Rome, where he had gone to take over a newspaper after the end of the war, and continues up to the time of the fall of the Parri government. It is the tale of the failure, according to Levi, of all those groups who fought Fascism and who were united for one splendid moment in Partisan activities, to remain united for peace and so bring about radical innovations in government.

But Levi does not simply describe that time; he shuttles back and forth from the present, and he does so splendidly. The book is not really at all Proustian, as some have claimed, because the center is always the present and everything always returns to it. Levi's past never becomes an attractive labyrinth in which one may lose onesself but only a place in which occasionally to rest.

The imagery retains those sharp surrealistic touches at which Levi is a master. It is a constantly new imagery, fresh, which takes old experiences and transforms them. Levi's eyes transform the most common market scene, the most habitual café talk, the most routine places and things. That is the beauty of his style, that he always places the object at an unaccustomed angle and makes us see it as something new. The sky of Rome, for instance, unlike the sky

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of London and Paris, is "rich, dense, crowded with baroque clouds full of changing curves that rest on homes, churches and palaces like a fantastic dome the wind wraps up and turns around."

SERGE HUGHES.

The Savannah. Thomas L. Stokes. Rinehart. $4.

THE blood of history followed the river channels in the great age of exploration and colonization. The Spanish, the French and the English, empire-building in the waters of the Carribbean and of South America and the Southern United States, knew the Savannah River and fought for the land that is now coastal Georgia and South Carolina. Half of this "Rivers of America" book has to do with these explorations and colonial wars. Thomas L. Stokes' record of them is vivid; it is far more tumultuous and exciting than the humid, primitive reality of colonial life in Georgia could have been. Stokes is writing popular history, and he is quite successful.

But his real success comes when he forgets the arbitrary limitations of these books about rivers and gets into the political and economic history of the coastal area. This is Stokes' meat—his profession is that of the political journalist—and his accounts of South Carolina's "Pitchfork Ben" Tillman and Georgia's Tom Watson, and their rich, cruel, demagogic political revolutions are the parts of the book that are really worth reading. Here, you feel, the author is wound up. He feels what he is talking about. He knows Tillman and Watson and their kind of politics, growing out of rural poverty, provincialism, Bible righteousness, the chasm between freed slave and the white man; and the exhaustion of the red-orange clay. He knows that these things and these men are still influential in Georgia and South Carolina. These things mean a lot to Stokes. The rest, about Cofitachequi and the Creeks and the French and the Spanish makes an interesting enough guided tour of the period. You always know that things will work out as they ought to with the English and the Americans on top.

WILLIAM PFAFF.

The Tropics: World of Tomorrow. Charles Morrow Wilson. Harper. $3.50.

MR. WILSON moves with apparent ease and relish from converse with a "banana chaser" in the Central America which he knows so well to luncheon with a Malayan in New York and then to a parley with one Shadrach Thursday on the coast of West Africa. The men from these and other tropical lands around the globe account for nearly one-half the people on this earth, and it is their population which is growing fastest.

In his friendly, informal brushes with many people of the darker races Mr. Wilson performs one service that is inestimable: he states in most

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definite terms what things most need to be done. The importance of such projects for the men of the tropics is better known than the potentialities of these areas for vastly increasing the food resources of the whole world.

Briefly, it is a question of flood controls for fertile valleys, the building of harbors and communications, the development of strains of cattle which would provide the milk and shoe leather so sorely needed in the tropics, etc. There seems no limit to what Point IV could do.

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Correction

An error of fact appeared in the editorial "Religion and the Schools," in the issue of July 27. THE COMMONWEAL said: "Earlier this month the Supreme Court of New York handed down the decision that the released time program in practice in many schools was in accordance with both State and Federal Constitutions." Actually this decision (*People ex rel. Zorach v. Clauson, et al.*) was handed down by the Court of Appeals at Albany, the highest court of New York, and not by the Supreme Court. The decision of the Court of Appeals affirmed a previous decision of the Appellate Division, which in turn had affirmed a decision of the Supreme Court handed down last year.

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• REVIEWERS •

JOE DEVER is a Boston short-story writer and novelist.

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